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MEMORIAL

OF THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF

WASHINGTON BARTLETT

(LATE GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA)

ADOPTED BY THE

SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

AT A REGULAR MEETING, HELD MONDAY, MAY 7

1888

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WASHINGTON BARTLETT

MEMORIAL

OF THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF

WASHINGTON BARTLETT,

Late Governor of the State of California.

It is appropriate that the life and services of WASHINGTON BARTLETT should be suitably commemorated in the archives of the Pioneer Society, of which he became a life member July 22d, 1880, and of which he was a Director in 1873–4 and again in 1881–2, and President in 1882–3.

The mere facts of his career, to which of course it is proper in this memorial to refer, have been very extensively and very accurately published in the newspapers of the country. They are interesting and important in themselves. But, after all, there can be no full appreciation of the treasures he has left for his countrymen; no complete use of the example he has furnished for their imitation; no just tribute to his memory and to his achievements as they will pass into history, without wrenching from time and circumstance the secret and the inspiration of his great success and his extended usefulness.

The scenes that attended his prolonged sickness, his death, and his burial, were without precedent in this State, during any portion of the stirring events of nearly forty years. When Broderick died the hearts of the people were deeply moved, and found eloquent expression through the voice of Baker. When Starr King passed gently to his eternal rest, after committing himself to God, in the exquisite language of the

twenty third Psalm, our citizens in large masses gathered around his church and his tomb, to attest their sympathetic appreciation of his patriotism and of his unpretentious Christianity. When the wise and tender-hearted Lincoln, scarcely below Washington in his services to the nation and to humanity, was plunged into immortality by the hand of an assassin, at the very heighth of his fame, our streets resounded with the tread of pale and determined men, whose souls were touched by a grief which transcended the limits of section and of party. When Garfield, after lengthened suffering, heroically endured, surrendered his breath to his Maker, and drew the North and the South indissolubly together, no State in the American Union, in proportion to its size and its development, surpassed California in the mixture of horror and affection which all American communities manifested. And when Grant, the successful General of the Civil War, after having expended his waning strength in one mighty effort to secure independence for his family, yielded up his spirit, in this broad and enlightened population there was no class that held back from tender and generous recognition of his unquestionable claim to the respect and to the gratitude of his countrymen.

But, when every allowance has been made for increase in nnmbers and in all the diversified forms of opulence, and when all these manifestations of feeling have been fully and entirely recalled, it must still be said that the love and appreciation which were shown for Washington Bartlett were locally unequaled. It is true he was the first Governor of the State who died in office, but that is insufficient to account for the demonstration that attended his illness and his obsequies. He had barely entered upon the duties of his position and wearily forced himself through the labor of one legislative session, before the shadow of

impending dissolution fell upon him, and in an official sense, he was practically withdrawn from the public view. From the early part of May until August 22d, 1887, at Sacramento, at the Highland Springs, in the mountains of Santa Cruz, and at Oakland, he was quietly and manfully battling against the insidious approaches of fatal disease. Then, in an instant, as it were, came the information that he was paralyzed, and for twenty-one days, his fellow-citizens throughout and beyond the State, demanded from his physicians and from the press daily, and frequently almost hourly, bulletins of his condition. There, in the modest residence of his cousin, Dr. Annette Buckel, he spent the weeks of his final struggle, immediately attended only by those who were closest to his heart and by those who aided him in interpreting the messages of the Almighty; inaccessible to most even of his oldest and truest friends; often suffering, occasionally unconscious, but usually in the full possession of his mental faculties; kind, placid, thoughtful for others, mindful of all his duties and obligations, official and private, and clinging to his religious faith as the mariner clings to the rope cast to him in the sea—while, far away from his privacy, and yet reaching to the very entrance to his chamber, over a million souls watched the ebb and flow of death within him, with alternating fears and hopes, and never relaxed their strained attention until the final announcement was made. This was a spontaneous and a disinterested tribute to the man. His active career was ended. He had no more rewards for his friends. He had no more offices to fill and no more favors to confer. He had no largess of wealth to be distributed when he died. He was personally known comparatively to few of the people, for he had never made himself conspicuous nor striven for social or political notoriety. And yet the flickerings of his

pulse reached the human hearts of his constituents from one end to the other of this great State.

And when, September 12th, 1887, late in the afternoon, he went to his final repose, oblivious of all that was passing in this tumultuous world, the news pierced the air in every direction, and instantly the bells tolled, the flags were at half-mast, the ordinary relaxations and gayeties of life were hushed or moderated, and it is not extravagant to say that men and women everywhere who had touched the life of the deceased at any point, even of its outer circle, melted into a sorrow which was as pure and unselfish as it was deep and pervading.

For two days and on the morning of the third, the body of Washington Bartlett lay in state in the Hall of the Pioneers, and tens of thousands of both sexes, and even the little children who had heard their parents speak of him, gazed—most of them for the first, and all for the last time—upon his marble features, fixed in serenity and in manly beauty. Meanwhile partisan clamors were stilled, and all classes were blended into harmony. W. D. English, the Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, and A. P. Williams, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, aided by Arthur Rodgers, one of the Regents of the State University, and also one of his executors, and by William H. Jordan, Speaker of the Assembly, superintended the arrangements for the funeral ceremonies, which were perfected and carried out with rare ability and without the slightest friction. Early on the morning of September 16th, the streets fairly overflowed with people, decently clad, serious in their deportment and quiet in their movements, who illustrated all the best elements of our population. In the procession, it is believed that scarcely an organ-

ization or an interest in the State, public or private, was unrepresented. The scene in and about Trinity Church, where the deceased had been a member and a communicant, was beyond description, and baffled even the versatile and experienced reporters of the press. No such spontaneous popular gathering, no such collection of distinguished men in every branch of the Municipal, State and Federal service, and in the departments of trade, commerce, agriculture, art, science, philosophy and literature, had ever been seen in California. There, among the honorary pall-bearers, was Peter H. Burnett, our first Governor, afterwards one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, supported by four other ex-Governors, two of whom had served out terms, one as Senator and the other as Representative, in the Federal Congress—John G. Downey, F. F. Low, Newton Booth and George C. Perkins. There were other Senators and ex-Senators of the United States. There, at the head of the regular troops, was Major-General Howard, a war-scarred and a Christian hero. There, with the sailors and marines of the American Navy, was Commander Belknap, whose achievements are part of our national history. There was Niles Searls, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, by the appointment of Governor Bartlett, with the Associate Justices around him. There were the local Judiciary and the members of the Bar, embracing men whose names are known all over the Union. There were the Federal, State and Municipal officers, speaking by their presence for San Francisco, for the Commonwealth, and for the General Government. There were the Veterans of the Mexican War, the survivors of the gallant armies which gained for us the vast territories that made the United States an ocean-bound republic. There was a fragment of the Grand Army, bearing in their bodies the marks of that fraternal strife which ended in a perpetuated

Union. There were the Exempt Firemen, whose lives had been imperiled a hundred times amidst the glare of a burning city, and some of whom had doubtless exhibited their bravery and their discipline in defense of the property of the very man in whose honor they paraded. There were the Police, typifying the slow triumph of law and order over anarchy and violence. There were the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, the Produce Exchange, the Academy of Sciences, officers of the University and of the Common Schools, and a hundred other societies, attesting the intelligence, the energy, the industry, the sagacity, which had built up the city and the State to their existing proportions and, moreover, had consecrated knowledge as the heritage of American youth, even in the remotest parts of the United States. There were the Odd Fellows, bringing from lodge and encampment the fraternal assurance of their sense of bereavement in the loss of one of their oldest and most distinguished members.

No phase of discriminating mourning was absent. The chancel of the church was lined with flowers in every form that love and taste could employ. There was a Ship of State, wrought with consummate skill. There was a closed book, signifying the end of a career similar to that upon which the donor had just entered. There was a miniature State Capitol, with every detail elaborated from foundation to dome, with the columns festooned with typical flowers, and with the national flag at half-mast—thus expressing in mute loveliness the most salient points in the life of the dead Executive. His pew was empty and simply decorated with crape and a sheaf of wheat, suggesting at once the general loss and the particular gain which had resulted from his departure. The Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese, lofty in stature and in bearing, and yet bending under the weight of years and of labor, headed the clergy

who received the body with the inspiring sentence: "I am the Resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." The deep tones of the organ rolled under the vaulted roof, and sweet human voices translated into soothing music the harmonies and the halo that break the silence and dispel the darkness of the tomb. And when, after St. Paul's matchless demonstration of immortality had been read, and the living had been brought to the attitude and to the realities of prayer, the rector of the parish, the Rev. Dr. H. W. Beers, broke the rigidity of the Episcopal rule, as he was authorized to do in rare and exceptional cases, and, with quivering lips and in a broken voice, uttered a few of those weighty sentences for which above most living men he is noted, and in which the whole lesson of a great life and of a great death was affectionately compressed, it seemed as if yearning tenderness over the dead had reached a climax which was the more impressive because it was natural and spontaneous. As the last word was spoken, there was a murmur of relief and once more the organ interpreted the hearts there melted into sympathy. Slowly and reverently the remains were carried, through streets lined with vast multitudes, who gradually dispersed, taking with them an ineffacable recollection of the majestic spectacle in which they had participated. Military honors appropriately closed, as they had accompanied, the concentrated history of that eventful day. A parting salute was fired over the tomb, and then the bugler blew the final blast which faith and eternity alone can answer.

This last scene of all has been deliberately made the introductory part of this Memorial, in order that the true lesson and the true moral may be drawn from the outcome of the life of the illustrious Pioneer of whom your Committee are required to speak. Such

an exhibition as has been described must have had a cause and a meaning. The life that produced the demonstration must supply a lesson and a moral, the accurate comprehension of which is essential, not only to definite biography, but to the full realization of the benefits which such a life bestows upon mankind.

The matured judgment of the American people upon every question and upon every man is always both right and just. It has been said that "republics are ungrateful," but the American Republic, whatever temporary fluctuations there may be in popular sentiment, is never permanently ungrateful. It may temporarily overlook merit, or, under the influence of passion or prejudice, or through the perversions of demagogues, or in the absence of precise information, occasionally be guilty of an apparent or even real want of appreciation and approval, but, guided by citizens who are sovereign within themselves and subject only to the restrictions defined by a Higher Power than man, and who hold the ballot in their hands,—in the end its decisions are invariably accurate and sound. It chooses and develops its great men from every walk of life. It educates and raises them through successive promotions to its highest dignities. It watches over them with jealous sensitiveness and discrimination. It protects them in every vicissitude, and when they come to die it gives "their names to the sweet lyre," and

> "the Historic Muse,
> Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
> To latest times."

Some men the American people never misconceive, and of these Washington Bartlett was one. What then was the secret of his uniform strength? what the force that carried his name and his record into the deep places in the popular heart, so that he came, simple and unobtrusive though he was, to be cherished and regretted for himself alone?

It is easy to tell what he was not, and by this process, it may be that we can most readily ascertain what he was. He was not eloquent in speech,—and yet orators bowed tearfully over his remains. He was not a soldier, who had earned distinction at the cannon's mouth,—and yet soldiers bent in humble friendship before his bier. He was not a sailor, who had carried his country's flag into unknown seas, or who had walked in blood upon the quarter-deck,—and yet sailors reverently followed his dead body until it returned to the earth from which it came. He was not a keen debater, who lanced his legislative opponents with a Damascus blade,—and yet keen debaters shrank from his rebuke, and united in acknowledging his supremacy over themselves. He was not a legislator of striking originality,—and yet legislators followed him in their votes. He was not a great judge nor a great lawyer, for he never aspired to judicial responsibility, and he left the arena of the law, because he disliked its excitements and its competitions,—and yet judges and lawyers were for once harmonious in his praise. He was not in appearance and manner possessed of unusual physical intrepidity,—and yet men of unexcelled bravery found themselves attracted to him by an invisible power. He was not a profound scholar nor a learned scientist,—and yet scholars and scientists did homage to his memory. He was not a social lion nor a gentleman of fashion,—and yet the leaders of society and of fashion trusted and supported him. He was not a seeker of notoriety, nor a bright or witty Bohemian,—and yet even demagogues and Bohemians respected him. He paid no special deference to the more conspicuous representatives of labor,—and yet they, and the masses who toiled, implicitly believed in him. He possessed no sparkling and rippling personal magnetism,—and yet, in an unusual degree, he drew to himself the sympathy of men. He had few intimates,—and yet his friends were

more numerous than his acquaintances. He was a bachelor, with no marked social inclinations,—and yet good women liked him. He was plain, simple, moderate, temperate, slow and careful, both in thought and in expression, apparently though not actually hesitating in the formation of his opinions, but firm as a rock when he once arrived at a conclusion, and free from every art and device which the mere politician employs to win influence and votes,—and yet Machiavelli was not more predominant in Florence than he became in the city and in the State of his adoption.

What, then, were his secrets? In one sense he had none, for, to use the words of Goethe, his life was "an open secret." Still every man who reads circumstances as they are, and who is above the petty flattery by which prominence is too frequently submerged, will admit that in almost every department of mere intellectual achievement, there were men in our own midst who surpassed him, and that, on the surface of his career, there is a mystery which it requires close observation and earnest reflection to solve.

What was this mystery? It was something difficult intelligibly to explain. The truth is that, taken as a whole, the man was greater than he appeared. His real position in the world was never realized either by himself or by his most intimate friends, but it was comprehended by the people, through that infallible intuition which assures the permanence of our political system.

In the first place, in heart, in mind, in education and in training, he was distinctively and thoroughly an American. It is claimed that, from the photographs of a large number of men engaged in any branch of art, science or industry, a typical picture of ideal perfection in that special direction can be constructed. Thus, it is said, that from all the leading Professors of Natural History in Europe and America a pattern was

manufactured which was the image of Agassiz. If this process were applied to leading men from every part of the United States, it would bring out a face strongly resembling that of Washington Bartlett.

But it was not merely his broad and deep Americanism that attracted the multitudes. His flawless record presented two other points, which will be recognized as soon as stated: *First*, distinct and perfect character, of which reputation is at once the efflorescence and the fruitage; and, *Second*, that soundness of judgment which is the highest manifestation of intellect.

Much of what he was he undoubtedly owed to his ancestry. He came of good stock on both sides, and the man himself, and the tender devotion which he and his brothers always rendered to their mother, constitute a sufficient eulogy upon her. On his father's side, however, we are carried back to ante-revolutionary times. Early in the seventeenth century his family were settled in Massachusetts. Towards the middle of the last century his great grandfather, Stephen Bartlett, the elder brother of Josiah Bartlett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, settled upon a large grant of land in what is now Grafton County, New Hampshire. Here he was located during the most eventful periods of American history. When the raids of the Abenakis and the Acadians filled the sturdy Puritans of New England with terror for their wives and their little ones; when the torch and the scalping knife were expected visitors in the long winter nights; when the British Crown and the Colonies united to break down the new France that was rapidly grasping the continent; when Louisbourgh fell and the power of France was broken in the extreme East; when, at Fort Duquesne, the defeat of Braddock was avenged, and French influence was extirpated on the

Ohio, the Missouri and the Mississippi; when Fort Frontenac was captured and Fort Niagara evacuated, and French ascendancy on the great Lakes ceased, and the way to Montreal and to Quebec was opened; when, on the heights of Abraham, Montcalm lay dying and Wolfe was dead, after having fought one of the decisive battles of the world, which gave Canada to the English and prepared the way for our own National Independence;—during all the stirring incidents of the Seven Years' War, the most enduring effects of which have been felt in America; during our Revolutionary struggle, and during the years of organization which succeeded that struggle, Stephen Bartlett, in the extreme East, was engaged in the same kind of arduous labor in which, within our own epoch, Washington Bartlett and his fellow Pioneers were engaged in the extreme West, and we can thus trace the current of his Americanism steadily down through at least four generations.

His father, Cosam Emir Bartlett, was born in New Hampshire, studied at Dartmouth College, and became a licensed attorney, but like his son Washington he had no taste, posssibly but little aptitude, for the profession. He was filled with that spirit of restlessness and enterprise that made New England a hive for thrifty and daring colonists, and in 1816 he migrated to Charleston, South Carolina, where he formed an editorial connection with the press and married the lady, with whom he lived happily for about thirty-one years. In 1818 he removed to Savannah, Georgia, and, until 1837, remained there and in other parts of Georgia, engaged in the same pursuits,. February, 29, 1824, Washington was born. During the thirteen years that he passed in Georgia he received the inestimable advantage of a common school education, and his natural taste for learning was quickened and strengthened through the opportunities derived from

his father's business and associations. He was not rapid, but he was patient and thorough in the acquisition of knowledge, and aided by a retentive memory his mind, originally strong, underwent a constant process of development and expansion. He not only accumulated information, which to the end of his days he never lost and constantly augmented, but more important than this, he early acquired the faculty of close reasoning and of reserving his decisions until his reason was convinced. From his boyish years he showed and retained the power of controlling his passions and of escaping from prejudices, so that in whatever society he happened to be thrown his opinions carried with them weight and dignity. The writer of this Memorial well remembers that thirty years ago or thereabouts, when for nearly three years he lived in the same house with Washington Bartlett, that gentleman always acted as moderator among a crowd of well-educated, bright and disputatious young men who were in the daily habit of discussing among themselves important and interesting questions, which often took a very wide range, and that, when their views diverged to an extent which threatened to create permanent discord, his judicial qualities would be exerted, until through concessions and qualifications, they were gradually brought together and his conclusions generally accepted as final.

But our theme would be imperfectly treated, and our interpretation of Washington Bartlett's success would be inadequate, if the incidents of his history were not in some degree followed. He learned the printer's trade in his father's office, and, in 1837, the family removed to Tallahassee in Florida, where the elder Bartlett published a newspaper. Before his death, in 1850, he also held various public offices in the municipality and in the State, and was widely known and respected. He was a man of intelligence and of varied informa-

tion, and, while his New England ideas had been considerably modified by residence in the south, upon the issues which agitated the two sections he occupied that middle position which may be justly termed conservative. Firmness and resolution were leading traits in his character, and it is related of him that, on one occasion in Georgia, he dispersed a number of men who were proposing to destroy his printing office by deliberately preparing to set fire to a keg of gunpowder.

It would be interesting to trace the history of young Washington from 1837 to 1849, both externally and internally, but it is impossible to overload this memorial with all the details of a biography. His advancement in the elements which made up his character was constant. He never went back—however slow, his march was ever onwards and upwards. He read extensively but thought more. He worked at his trade, but his bent was towards journalism and, about 1845, when he was twenty-one years of age, and his father was failing in health, he began the publication of a newspaper on his own account. Towards the close of 1848, when the discovery of gold near Coloma had become known all over the country, his attention was attracted to the Pacific Coast, and he resolved to settle in San Francisco, where he was convinced there would be room for a daily newspaper.

He dispatched his printing materials in advance of his own departure, and, January 31st, 1849, sailed from Charleston, on the ship Othello, of which Joseph Galloway was the master, and reached San Francisco on November 19th of the same year. The main interest the voyage has, after the lapse of more than thirty-nine years, lies in a diary, which he kept, and which is before your Committee. The handwriting is clear and distinct, every letter well-formed, every capital in its place, and every mark of punctuation correct.

These evidences of care and deliberation could be seen in all his correspondence and drafts down to the close of his life. But the diary is also a revelation of character and of intelligence, with passages that would scarcely have been expected from him in later days, when the sentiment and the enthusiasm which formed positive elements in his character were habitually repressed. On February 22d, 1849, the birthday of the Father of his Country—after whom he was named, and whom, in some respects, he closely resembled—he "commenced the study of astronomy." This was not the freak of a young man, "everything by turns and nothing long," but the result of a purpose, faithfully pursued, and which produced definite results. Two days later he was taking observations of the constellation Argo, and by March 16th, when for the first time he saw the Southern Cross, it is astonishing to observe the advancement he had made, and this advancement continued as the old ship reeled on towards its destination. He kept a log of the courses, the winds, the weather, the latitude and the longitude, and the principal incidents of each day, and his terseness, his precision, his rejection of immaterial matters, and his quick comprehension of nautical terms, are genuinely attractive. He who takes up the narrative will not readily lay it down without a careful reading. When a vessel was sighted on February 25th, his first thought was to prepare a letter to his father, which, unfortunately, he was unable to send until March 22d, when "La Jeune Aurelie" was spoken. He seemed to observe and to record everything of moment, even to the hymns sung on a Sunday night, which took him back in memory to his mother's knee. His appreciation of the beautiful and the grand, and his capacity for description, are among the unexpected things we find. In one place he compares the flying fish to newly fledged birds, trying their wings from tree to

tree. In another he says that, "like Noah of old," he put forth his hand and caught a delicate land-bird that had become exhausted because it could find no rest for the sole of its foot. He felt pleased that it had placed itself under his protection, and cherished it until it died. There are many such passages which could be extracted or epitomized. He notices and portrays the clouds, the sky, the water, an eclipse of the moon, a rainbow, and draws on the soft melody of Montgomery and on the graphic strength of Sir Walter Scott. His account of a storm off Cape Possession, in which the crazy vessel was almost lost, is vivid and powerful. She was riding at anchor, when one of the cables parted and the remaining anchor slowly dragged her towards the rocky shore. The passengers were hastily called together by the captain to determine whether they would risk foundering on the land or cut the cable and put to sea. All was confusion and turmoil. Counsels were divided and personal altercations almost matched the fury of the gale. Bartlett then, as when thirty-eight years later he was facing the dark angel in his bed, preserved his self-control, and, by his advice, the decision was left to the most competent authority—the master himself. With great difficulty the massive iron was separated, and then, to quote the language of the diary, "the hand of Providence directed their course." The staggering vessel barely cleared the breakers at Point Dunganess, and then she "scudded before the wind into impenetrable darkness."

Here are some indications of that power which ultimately ripened into fame. When the young man reached San Francisco, he found his printing materials here, and, by dividing them, he was enabled to secure a share in the public printing. In January, 1850, in partnership with John S. Robb, he started the *Daily Journal of Commerce*, which appeared simul-

taneously with the *Daily Alta California*, a newspaper which had been previously published semi-weekly, and yet survives, in respectability and prosperity. The enterprise was successful, but was seriously crippled by the fire of June, 1850, which destroyed the establishment. After that time it was continued until the conflagration of 1851, which ended its existence. Then the resolute young Pioneer went back to his trade, until the fall of 1852, when Columbus Bartlett, one of his brothers, arrived here, and in conjunction, they opened a job printing office at the southwest corner of Front and Sacramento streets, under the name of C. Bartlett & Co. In 1853, they began the publication of the *Daily Evening News;* and in February, 1854, they were joined by their brother, Cosam Julian Bartlett, who was an editorial writer upon the *Bulletin*, when he died at San Bernardino, November 21st, 1861, and whose bright mind and sweet nature insured the preservation of his memory in many affectionate hearts. The three brothers thus became associated, and Washington had the editorial management, while Julian was the chief writer, and Columbus attended to the business affairs of the new journal, which rapidly gained popularity and advertising patronage, as well as subscribers. In 1856, the Vigilance Committee was formed, and, for a number of months, practically held possession of San Francisco. This is not the time nor the place to discuss the merits or the demerits of that organization, which, whether justified or unjustified by the events that preceded or the history that attended and followed its existence, certainly embraced the bulk of our best citizens, achieved great power and reputation, and exemplified the capacity of the American people for self-government. The *Evening News* favored the Committee, of which Washington became a prominent member, while Julian and Columbus refrained from active participation in the movement. Washing-

ton was appointed captain of a military company, and was present when the county jail was taken, and when Cora and Casey were wrested from the custody of the Sheriff, David Scannell,—now the Chief of the San Francisco Fire Department. Washington Bartlett, although firm in his conviction that extra judicial force was essential to reform in the administration of our local affairs, was nevertheless moderate and conservative in his views of the measures which the exigency demanded, and it is believed that his influence largely contributed to the release of Judge David S. Terry. This, for a time, rendered him unpopular with the rank and file of the Committee, but they speedily saw the wisdom of his action, and his unpopularity was short-lived. In the latter part of 1856, he purchased the interests of his brothers, Julian and Columbus, in the *Evening News*, and in connection with Edward Connor, afterwards Consul at Mazatlan, and with William H. Rhodes, who took his place in literature under the name of "Caxton," converted that journal into a morning paper, called the *True Californian*. This newspaper was brilliantly edited and extravagantly managed, and, in 1857, its publication was suspended, leaving an indebtedness of from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars upon the shoulders of Washington Bartlett, all of which, by the exercise of economy and self-denial, he succeeded in paying within about ten years.

We have now reached the end of Washington Bartlett's relations to journalism, and of what may be termed the second epoch in his life. During all the years after he left Tallahassee, he had been undergoing an uninterrupted process of development. He had lived in the midst of a population which, in intelligence and in enterprise, surpassed the general average of

mankind. Modest and unassuming though he was, he had been thrown into contact with a host of brilliant men, from every part of the Union and, indeed, from every kingdom and empire in Europe, and, whatever they could give, he had absorbed and assimilated, while the rectitude and purity of his habits preserved him from all possible contamination. He had inflexibly followed those studies which made him familiar with history, with the principles of sound jurisprudence, with the fundamental truths that underlie our political institutions, and with the principal questions that were absorbing the attention of great statesmen and diplomatists at a most active and interesting period in the rise of nations. He had witnessed or been within the range of every phase of the evolution of a community, destined to occupy a most responsible post in civilization, and in which American ideas, in all their breadth and depth, were predominant. He had used his own pen upon a diversity of topics, and had improved his natural talent for composition by laborious practice. In short, he was now admirably equipped for public life, and, until the date of his death, he occupied a variety of positions, suitable to his capacity and experience, although not invariably congenial to his taste, until, gradually, without forcing, and with no artificial aids, but through the growth of faith and confidence in the hearts and in the minds of the people, he was raised to the highest place in the commonwealth.

It must be observed that after the death of his father in 1850 the burthen of supporting his mother principally devolved upon him, and that in addition to this sacred duty, which he strictly performed, he was weighted by an indebtedness, not of his own creation, which it cost him much effort and endurance to liquidate. His tendencies were not speculative, and every dollar he ever had was earned by his own labor or by ju-

dicious investments in real estate. To dismiss this branch of the subject, he freed himself from all obligations and accumulated a small fortune, never exceeding a hundred thousand dollars, the income of which, after deducting two hundred dollars per month for his own immediate purposes, he devoted to deeds of charity and of kindness, of which the world never heard. To illustrate his fidelity to his mother it may be proper to relate an incident which deserves notice. When the Civil War broke out in 1861 she was residing at New Orleans with her son Frank A. Bartlett, who, unlike his brothers, espoused the cause of secession and entered the Confederate service. October 11, 1861, Washington wrote her a letter which your Committee have had an opportunity to examine, and which may be not inaptly described as a stream of common sense flowing through the channel of affection. At that time New Orleans was blockaded and all communication with the North cut off, and he was apprehensive that, under those conditions, his mother might be short of means. On the previous August 22d, he had sent her a draft for three hundred dollars, to which he alludes, and he adds: "As you may easily imagine, we are all extremely anxious to hear from you, and feel the deprivation sorely; yet comfort ourselves by trusting in that Providence in whose keeping we all are." His solicitude in this instance was not rewarded, for, as we learn, by a letter from Jesse Seligman of December 21, 1861, the draft was returned, because there was no opportunity to pass it through the lines. The failure of the remittance, however, was immaterial, for three weeks before Mr. Seligman's letter was written, his good mother had gone to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

The path is now clear to that portion of Washington Bartlett's career which, although it embraced some private business, may nevertheless be treated as public and official. In 1857, William Duer, who had been a noted lawyer in New York, was elected County Clerk of San Francisco by the People's Party, which undertook to crystallize the work of the Vigilance Committee of 1856. He immediately appointed Washington one of his deputies, and he was assigned to duty in the courtroom of Edward Norton, Judge of the Twelfth District Court, and subsequently one of the Justices of the Supreme Court,—a man who, in his judicial character, was readily acknowledged as *facile princeps* during his term of service at *nisi prius*. In 1859 he succeeded Mr. Duer as County Clerk, and was re-elected in 1861. He was again chosen for the same office in 1867. Intermediately, having been duly licensed by the Supreme Court, he practiced law with his brother, Columbus, but he cared nothing for trials and had but little interest in professional life, although his knowledge was extensive and his advice careful and accurate. In 1870, by the appointment of H. H. Haight, who then filled the office of Governor, and whose reputation needs no brush, he filled a vacancy as State Harbor Commissioner, caused by the death of J. H. Cutter. His service in this place lasted about a year and a half, and proved of great benefit to the State. In fact, it will not be denied that he met the demands of every office he held so fully and so satisfactorily that he was treated, even by rabid partisans, as beyond criticism. George Washington, as a surveyor or in military service on the frontier, was no more perfect in his fulfillment of duty than was his namesake as deputy clerk, as County Clerk,—in each station, little or great, to which he was called. He mastered the details of every department of the government with which he was associated, and yet never

for a moment lost sight of the broad principles by which the details were to be regulated, and thus he grew into a fullness and a ripeness which made failure impossible.

After the expiration of his term as State Harbor Commissioner, for about two years, he was the Secretary of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, of which, almost from its formation, he had been an influential member. In 1873, the controversy with reference to the attempted acquisition of Goat Island by the railroad corporations was in full vigor, and so intense was the excitement that it resulted in an independent political movement for the election of representatives to the Assembly and to the Senate, who were to vote for a Senator of the United States. Mr. Bartlett was elected to the State Senate on the independent ticket, and his associate, elected by the Democrats, was Philip A. Roach, of this Committee. He served for four years, and, while he made but few speeches, he took an active part in plans of legislative improvement, while he was always to be relied upon in opposition to measures that were corrupt, doubtful, or unnecessary. At the beginning of his term, in conformity with his pledge, he voted for Newton Booth for the United States Senate; and he also contributed to the election of John S. Hager, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Eugene Casserly, between whom and himself, as far back as 1851, there had been acute journalistic competition. He had been fundamentally a Democrat from his early manhood, and, in the main, had acted with the Democratic party; but, on two or three occasions, like that referred to in 1873, he united with his political opponents when he conceived such joint efforts to be necessary for the public safety. When the second half of his senatorial term began, the People's Union, which had chosen him as an independent candidate, had ceased to exist,

and thereafter, on all party issues, he acted with the Democrats.

His career as Senator closed in 1877, and the next year he seized the opportunity, which he had coveted for many years, to reap the benefits of foreign travel. He went to Europe and visited London, Paris, Rome, Naples, Pompeii, and other places famous in ancient and in modern history. He traveled extensively through the mountains of Switzerland and the lake regions of England and Scotland, and he also spent a considerable time in the larger towns and cities of Ireland. His observation was close and penetrating, and, through his entire previous education and experience, he was protected against the danger of being misled in his estimates of communities and institutions by the superficial courtesies and blandishments of aristocratic society. He returned even a better American than when he left, but with an appetite whetted for further and deeper exploration into those saturated masses of feudalism from which much of our population and many of our practices have been derived. He was once strongly inclined to resign the office of Mayor of San Francisco in order to continue his study of society and of politics abroad, and if he had not been nominated for Governor he would undoubtedly have repeated his European tour.

Although this is designed, for the benefit of the California Pioneers, to be a permanent record of the life of Washington Bartlett, it is virtually impracticable, within ordinary limits, to mention even a large fraction of the facts which were crowded into the sixty-three years between his cradle and his grave. Within that part of his public history to which reference is now being made, many interesting though comparatively unimportant events transpired which ought not to be entirely ignored. Of these only a few can be men-

tioned. It has already been stated that he was long a member of the local Chamber of Commerce, which has exerted a commanding, although diminishing, influence upon the Pacific Coast. He also joined the Mercantile Library Association shortly after it was established. He drew the statute under which the first homestead incorporations were formed, and was the President of the San Francisco Homestead Union, which was the pioneer in that branch of our local progress. Bartlett street, at the Mission, was named in his honor by the stockholders. He united with the Mechanics' Institute soon after it was organized, and was one of its directors for several terms. He was among the founders, and, for about fifteen years, a director and vice-president of the San Francisco Savings Union. He was a charter member and Past Grand of Parker Lodge, No. 124, I. O. O. F., and, for a dozen years or more, represented that body in the Grand Lodge of California, serving on the most important committees. He was one of the founders and the first President of the California Home for Feeble Minded Children, which has become a State institution, located near San Jose. It is hardly necessary to add that his membership in the Society of California Pioneers dates back to its early records.

These are a few of his subsidiary claims to activity and energy in the promotion of the best interests of the community in which his lot was cast. From 1872 to 1876, and during the greater part of his senatorial term, he was in co-partnership with Daniel L. Randolph in the real estate business in San Francisco, but after 1876, with the reservations already alluded to, his whole time was employed for the good of the public. In 1879 he was one of the Board of Freeholders, which prepared a new charter for San Francisco that

was rejected at the polls, and no surviving member of that Board will dispute his profound knowledge of municipal affairs nor the thoroughness with which he performed all the labor that was allotted to him.

It was, however, in 1882, that he gained his first signal triumph before the people for the highest municipal office within their gift. He had been successful in former elections, and had never but once been defeated. This occasion, however, tried his mettle, because it was a party contest, in which his opponent was an able and incorruptible man of high standing and wide popularity. Maurice C. Blake was an able lawyer, who had succeeded at the bar, when, many years ago, he was elected County Judge, and afterwards successively Probate Judge, Judge of the Municipal Court, and Mayor. In these various positions his honesty and his capacity had become proverbial, so that it was regarded as impossible to beat him for any office for which he could be induced to run. In 1882 he was the incumbent of the office of Mayor, in which he had given complete satisfaction, and he was renominated by the Republicans. His nomination was generally regarded as equivalent to his election; and the Democrats were puzzled to find a head for their ticket who would insure them against an overwhelming defeat. At length the name of Washington Bartlett was suggested, and accepted with such acclamations as are not commonly heard even in a political convention. He conducted his party to a sweeping municipal victory. The writer cannot fail to recall the fact that, when the ratification meeting was held at Union hall, and during the entire canvass, Mr. Bartlet's chief anxiety was not so much that *he* might win, but that, if elected, he should be backed by a Board of Supervisors who would co-operate with him in municipal reforms. In 1884 he was renominated and re-elected over Captain W. L. Merry, the

head of the Republican ticket; but, in this instance, it was his exceptional strength with the people that gained his success. His party was beaten, and the Board of Supervisors, with but one exception, the present Mayor of San Francisco, E. B. Pond, consisted of his political opponents. His second term as Mayor was an almost constant struggle, in which his equanimity was sorely tried. But he never proved unequal to any emergency, and he never allowed his political opinions to interfere with his sense of right. He held pronounced and definite views upon the water question, upon the question of improving sidewalks, upon the proper duration of street railroad franchises, and upon the economical expenditure of public money, and he was inflexible in his adherence to the pledges he had given upon these and other matters, in which his individual opinions had been expressed. August 24th, 1887, two days after the crisis of his illness was reached, he said: "I have always considered my office a sacred trust, given to me by the people, and that I must discharge my duty to them without regarding my own personal feelings." These earnest words, spoken in the midst of suffering and with the prospect of immediate death before him, are the keynote to his entire public career. As Mayor of San Francisco he systematically and carefully discharged all his duties, and while, so far as possible, he co-operated with the legislative department of the municipal government, he vigorously asserted the independence of the executive department, and interposed his veto to every order which, in his opinion, violated elementary principles. His messages, which are models of terse statement and clear reasoning, are to be found in the Municipal Reports for 1883–1884 and 1885–1886. It would be superfluous to make extracts from them, but to all succeeding generations in San Francisco, they will attest

his honor and his sagacity. He realized, what so many excellent citizens fail to comprehend, that, in matters of government, the least departure from a fixed rule creates a dangerous precedent, and that leaks in public treasuries frequently originate in very small punctures in charters or statutes. Consequently, he was rigid in his adherence to the law as he found it, and no apparent exigency could induce him to consent even to a temporary violation of a statute. He had aided in 1856 in the passage of the Consolidation Act, which, however imperfectly it may now be adapted to the conditions of a commercial metropolis, nevertheless had given a wholesome check to the rampant corruption which formerly disgraced the municipality, and by its explicit checks and guards had forced public officers to practice a certain degree of economy. He had been familiar with the numerous amendments and supplements which the legislature had framed in vain attempts to meet the wants of a community whose growth transcended all expectation, and at the same time maintain the strict rules prescribed in the charter itself. He was in no degree narrow or circumscribed in his ideas, and he was a friend to every really progressive measure, and fully recognized the expanding requirements of a large city. He had assisted, as already stated, in the construction of a new charter which the voters, who had experienced the benefits of a fortified treasury, had defeated. And, as Mayor of San Francisco, he unhesitatingly and boldly, but with wisdom and resolution, adhered to the ancient land-marks, which, in so many ways, had met with popular sanction. The statute known as the "One-Twelfth Act," had provided in substance that, except in case of public danger or some paramount necessity, not more than one-twelfth of the annual revenue should be appropriated in any one month. He unqualifiedly refused, in the face of his own polit-

ical friends, to endorse or to tolerate any evasion of the provisions of this Act, under any pretext or excuse, however plausible or however ingeniously argued. When the municipal funds temporarily failed, and a Democratic Board of Supervisors sought to meet the embarrassment, under the authority of a legislative enactment, by submitting to the people a proposal to issue bonds to the amount of half a million dollars, he vetoed the measure, and, through the co-operation of leading citizens, whose confidence in him was implicit, raised the money that was required from voluntary payments of delinquent taxes. He insisted that street railroad franchises should be limited to twenty-five years. He declined to approve orders which sought to impose unconstitutional burthens on property-owners. Both parties were pledged to the limit of one dollar on the hundred in taxation for municipal purposes. He held them to their pledges, and no persuasion or entreaty, no ironical or satirical allusions to the parsimonious manner in which the public affairs were administered, no efforts by greedy contractors or unoccupied demagogues, no pressure from any quarter, low or high, could induce him to abate one jot or tittle of his plighted word. He would submit to be called a Silurian, but he was determined to be an honest man. No more absurd charge could be made against him than that of indecision. He was slow in adopting conclusions, but firm as Andrew Jackson in enforcing them; and, with him, there was no need of discussion upon any issue, which merely called for ordinary integrity.

Your Committee have before them, in his own handwriting, his remarks on personalities before the Board of Supervisors, when the dissension between the executive and legislative departments of the municipal government reached a point of exasperation on the

side of the Supervisors, which caused some of them for the moment to overlook the respect due to their President. It is a document worthy of preservation for all time. It is condensed to the last degree, but at the same time so true, so moderate, so appreciative of the rights of the body he addresses, and yet so resolute in its vindication of the substantial respect due to a co-ordinate branch of the municipal government, that it reads like a paper by Washington. Let this commendation be justified by two or three extracted sentences:

"The participation in personal altercations is exceedingly disagreeable to me. No one more fully appreciates the fact that the indulgence in personal disputes and controversies is unbecoming to my years, my character, and the position I hold by the suffrages of the people; and yet, if I am not supported in maintaining order, it ought not to be expected that I shall sit silent and hear my character assailed and my motives impugned at each meeting of the Board. I am here, not because it pleases me, but in the discharge of a duty imposed by law. I shall treat every member courteously, and endeavor to preside over your deliberations impartially, and I shall expect, and I have the right to expect, like courtesy and fairness from you. The important interests entrusted to our care are amply sufficient, if properly considered, to engross our attention, without wasting time on personal disputes and exhibitions of temper, which can only result in loss of public respect for ourselves and our determinations."

These were the right words, spoken at the right time and in the right place, and, while they had a more far-reaching effect upon the constituency of the Mayor and the Supervisors, they were decisive in checking the growth of a spirit which might otherwise have become so unruly as seriously to interfere with

the proper management of the public business. The course adopted by Mr. Bartlett was in exact correspondence with his character and a substantial proof of the soundness of his judgment. He would not break a pledge. He would not surrender one of the prerogatives which had been committed to him by his fellow-citizens. He would not consent to an elastic interpretation of the law even to tide over serious difficulties. He would not tolerate unjust and offensive imputations against himself. On the other hand, he would not descend to any exhibtion of temper, or bandy words with vindictive opponents, endeavoring to coerce him into submission to their views. He took the high-minded, dignified, and unanswerable course of officially rising to a question of privilege, and, when he had finished his short address, his first and last serious quarrel in office was ended.

It is, however, impracticable to enter further into the details of this branch of his official career. Comprehensively it may be said that his administration of the office of Mayor of San Francisco was an unqualified success, and that his fidelity to the people, his loyalty to truth and honor, and his manliness and self-control under severe pressure, attracted to him the attention and commanded the approbation of the best citizens of the State, both within and without his own party, and extended his reputation to distant sections of the Republic. In the middle of his second term he stood in very much the same relation to the solid elements of our population as that since occupied by Mayor Hewitt, of New York. He represented a policy and a course of official conduct, which, apart from all partisan issues, were wholly and strongly American—vigorous and uncompromising as related to individual and municipal rights, conservative as respected property

and all the elements of material, moral, and intellectual advancement, resolute in the maintenance of law, order and economy, and equally antagonistic to the aggressions of unscrupulous wealth and to the exotic criminality which misrepresents honest poverty and productive industry.

It is not surprising that, supported by such a record, the name of Washington Bartlett became familiar to the people to a degree which, within the Democratic party, placed him at the head of the list of gentlemen mentioned for the office of Governor in 1886. To some ambitious men their party is necessary, but other men—and of these, Mr. Bartlett was one—are necessary to their party. His transition from the chief place in a great commercial metropolis to candidacy for the highest post in the State—for which a precedent existed in the case of Grover Cleveland—was not only natural, but inevitable. He was in sober fact nominated by the mass of Democrats who were represented by the State Democratic Convention long before that body itself was convened. For thirty years he had consistently advocated the exclusion of the Chinese from the American States and Territories; he was inflexibly opposed to the Heath Amendment to the Constitution, as it was termed, which was generally condemned by those interested in taxation, but which apparently anticipated a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States; and upon these and other questions, upon which there were virtually no issues between parties, he was unassailable. In every emergency which had arisen on the Pacific Coast, he had stood for property, honestly accumulated, and against Anarchy and Communism, while he had energetically vindicated oppressed labor in the chamber of the

Senate. He had co-operated with other functionaries in reducing municipal expenses in San Francisco by one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per year, and, in this and in other ways, already adverted to, he had established his capacity for finance. He had promoted efficiency and exacted strict responsibility in public officers. He had confronted and defeated various forms of monopoly, and had been sustained by the joined hands of both labor and capital. He had refrained from every unnecessary controversy, and still had avoided none that was essential to the public welfare. He had never broken a promise. He had found time to utilize the deep humanity of his nature in works of lasting beneficence. He had outlined most progressive measures for the elevation of citizenship through industrial education. In short, he had been true to God and man, and, without break or lapse, had uniformly exerted his faculties and improved his opportunities to the uttermost for the full performance of the work which, under Providence, had been assigned to him,—until, in his sixty-second year, distinctly visible to all eyes but his own, his character was elevated like a marble shaft above the common level of mankind.

On September 2d, 1886, the Democratic State Convention assembled at Odd Fellows' Hall, in San Francisco, and there, in a building which he had helped to construct, and which was dedicated to the good of the human race, Washington Bartlett the next day received the Gubernatorial nomination. There was no lack of candidates of undoubted capacity and respectability, but his name "led all the rest." He was proposed in a speech of remarkable point and brilliancy, but the torrent of cheers with which his name was received almost quenched the eloquence of

the orator. As already suggested, his nomination was a foregone conclusion, and it attracted the cheerful support of his honorable competitors.

On the stirring canvass of 1886, which lasted for two months, it would be indecorous to elaborate. The contest was close and to some extent bitter, and this is no suitable occasion to revive its acrimonious features. It is one of the distressing characteristics of party struggles that, both on the stump and in the press, they lead to personalities instead of the array of facts, to exaggeration or positive falsehood instead of moderate and truthful statement, and to coarse and truculent abuse instead of deliberate and weighty argument. This degradation of politics was conspicuously manifested in 1886, and the caricatures, the epithets, the denunciation and the misstatements of that year are not pleasant reading in 1888 to men of sound minds and of decent lives. It must be admitted, however, without disparaging other gentlemen on both sides who were equally conscientious, that, throughout the tempest, Washington Bartlett preserved his temper and his integrity both in form and in substance, and left no sting to rankle in the breasts of his opponents. He put forth all his strength and labored earnestly and disinterestedly for the success of the whole ticket he had been selected to lead, but his views and his opinions, whether intrinsically right or intrinsically wrong, were expressed with vigor and directness, it is true, but with that degree of calmness and of fairness which left no excuse for resentment. His inherent conscientiousness forced him, moreover, amidst the distractions of a doubtful battle, to discharge the duties and the obligations of the position he then held, and the double labor thus imposed upon him was greater than his physical con-

stitution was able to bear. He had always been systematically industrious, but averse to excitement and to extraordinary drains upon his faculties, and his habits were so fixed that he once facetiously urged, as an objection to matrimony in his own case, the danger at his age of constant breaks in his daily routine. He had also fallen into the error of most busy men by failing to counterbalance mental strain by bodily exercise. It is of him painfully true that the wreath of victory which was awarded to him on November 2d, 1886, bore the ominous symbols of immediate decay. He had undergone a mass of detailed work, which had almost crushed him beneath its weight. He had suffered from exposure, from changes of diet, from the jostle of travel, and from the unaccustomed exertion of addressing immense audiences in widely-separated parts of the State. At San Francisco, at San Rafael, at Napa, at Sacramento, at Los Angeles, at San Bernardino, and at other places, he had delivered, before large masses of the people, terse, strong, frank vindications of his official life and expositions of the policy of his party and of his individual intentions. But the prolonged effort had been too much for him, and the certificate of his election was his death warrant.

There are many passages in his speeches which were not partisan, and but for the length to which this memorial has been unavoidably stretched, your Committee would be glad to bring them to the appreciative notice of the Society of California Pioneers. A single extract from his address of September 11th, 1886, must serve as an average specimen of the habit of his thought and the mode of his expression:

"I believe in the rights of labor—in a fair price for an honest day's work. I know that legislation can do comparatively little directly in adjusting the relative rights and duties of capital and labor, but a just ad-

ministration of the law, economy and wisdom on the part of the executive officers, can do much towards preventing irritating contests and in creating employment for those willing to work.

"You all remember the labor agitations of 1879, 1880, and 1881—how the street corners were crowded with idle men seeking employment—how all building and other enterprises were checked, and how capital fled the State.

"The causes which brought about this condition of affairs were extravagance in private life and in the administration of public affairs. We had to call a halt and to inaugurate reforms and practice economy. With the return to plain living and honest ways came peace and prosperity. Capital took fresh courage and became ashamed of its own cowardice. New enterprises were inaugurated, giving employment to numbers of men and women, thousands of new buildings were erected, and the sounds of hammer and plane were heard on almost every street.

"The labor agitation died a natural death. The mechanic, the laborer, and the artisan were too busy, too profitably occupied, for discontent and strikes."

The interval between his election and his inauguration supplied no opportunity to Mr. Bartlett to recuperate his weakened system, but, on the contrary, he urged himself with whip and spur, in essential preparations for the assumption of the high office to which he had been elected, and in winding up his administration as Mayor of San Francisco, so that his successor, Mr. Pond, might take the position with a clean sheet. When he visited Sacramento with his brother, Columbus Bartlett, in advance of the meeting of the Legislature, to make arrangements for a residence there during his term, he attended an elaborate ban-

quet given in his honor, and it was observed then, that while he was gratified at his reception, and bore his usual conservative part in the festivities, he looked weak and careworn and ill-fitted for the protracted exactions of a legislative session.

On January 2d, 1887, he introduced his successor to the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco, and proved that his interest in the municipality had not ceased or even lessened, by delivering a valedictory address, which was carefully prepared and admirably worded and connected, and which embraced an extended review of his own administration, a comprehensive discussion of the principal questions affecting the municipal interests, and recommendations of rare wisdom and sagacity, and closed with a touching tribute of gratitude to the people who had stood by him during his entire official career. "To me," he said, "San Francisco is something more than *my home*." * * * "I have gloried in her triumphs, and been cast down by her defeats, and shared in all the vicissitudes, which have attended her wonderful growth. Her people are dear to me and her prosperity lies near to my heart, and it will afford me the most sincere happiness to contribute my best efforts, in whatever position placed, to advance her interests and benefit her citizens."

Four days later he was at Sacramento, prepared to take the oath of office and to define his policy as Governor of the State, but, owing to defects in some of the returns, the ceremony was deferred until Saturday, January 8th, 1887, which was the anniversary not only of the battle of New Orleans, but of his first inauguration as Mayor of San Francisco. The scene at the State Capitol, when he was sworn in by Judge Armstrong, was brilliant and inspiring, and his inaugural, which had been partly re-written on

account of the delay, amply justified his reputation and completely filled the public expectation. It was a condensed, plain, statesmanlike paper, in which he dealt with the practical questions with which, in his new station, it was his duty to grapple. "I assume the office," he stated, "invoking Divine assistance;" and then he proceeded in vigorous but balanced sentences, and with great candor and distinctness, to express his views of irrigation, of the Chinese, of harbor defenses, of the public finances and credit, of the militia, of the common schools, of corporations, of agricultural and mining industries; of all the important and pressing necessities of the State. He never deviated from the legitimate themes of such an occasion, and volunteered no lectures or advice to the diplomatists of Europe or to the statesmen of America, but then, as everywhere else, manifested his precise knowledge and his sound judgment, by confining himself strictly within the appropriate limits.

And now, having traced him to the Executive Chamber, we catch but occasional glimpses of his person and find his waning life mainly exemplified by his self-abnegation and by his persistent endurance of the labor which hastened the catastrophe that attested his martyrdom to principle and enshrined him in the affections of his constituents and in the historical annals of his country. He appeared at the Inaugural Ball, which took place in Sacramento, January 17th, 1887, and maintained the dignity, to use the language of a graphic reporter, "of the faultless gentleman of the old school." He gave two or three receptions, when he was brought into personal contact with the leading men of the State. He was always accessible to Senators and Assemblymen, to committees, and to individuals who visited him on public business. But nevertheless, with a full consciousness of the danger he was

incurring, he deliberately sacrificed himself to the exigencies of his station. In conversation at Highland Springs, in the following June, when he was vainly seeking to recover the lost jewels of his health and strength, he disclosed his real feelings to an intimate friend in these noble words, which ought to be indelibly impressed upon the minds of the young men, who take a light or frivolous view of their obligations to society: "If I had known the work I had to do would kill me, I should have kept on just the same, for I could not shirk it. I think it has finished me." It had "finished" him. From the date of his induction into the Gubernatorial office until the tenth day after the adjournment of the Legislature, buried in papers and surrounded by books, he coerced himself into the performance of an incalculable amount of labor. He gave his personal attention to every department and almost to every detail of the Executive business, not even ignoring the pardoning power, which, except in extreme cases, he was reluctant to exercise. He carefully scrutinized the condition of the public treasury. He read nearly all of the two hundred and twenty bills which passed both Houses and came to him for examination, and he not only read but studied them. Of these measures he approved a hundred and ten or thereabouts, including the Act for the permanent support of the State University, the Act for the organization and government of irrigation districts, the Act to provide for the completion of the New City Hall at San Francisco, and various other important statutes, to be found in the volume published in 1887. He defeated much useless and pernicious legislation by the mere act of withholding his signature, and he vetoed the bill known as the Cohen Stamp Act, "An Act to protect the manufacturing interests of this State," because it was "too broad and too indefinite;" because it created public

offenses, of which knowledge or intent was not an ingredient; because it would have "materially increased the cost of our struggling industries;" and because it was "a restraint upon the liberty of the citizen in the use of his property," and did not "purport to conserve the health or the safety of the people." He also vetoed an Act passed to establish a permanent fund for the purchase of jute, to be manufactured at San Quentin, for the reasons, among others, which are conclusively argued in his message of March 8th, 1887, that the amount appropriated was "excessive and too indefinite," and that there was not "the usual or sufficient supervision over the expenditures of a portion of the fund." He also saved to the State treasury five hundred thousand dollars, which, but for him, would have been squandered in the payment of stale or fraudulent claims.

But it is useless to multiply the evidences of Governor Bartlett's intense and unselfish consecration to duty. His career, from its beginning, is replete with illustrations of this fundamental trait in his character, and while your Committee are not conscious of having indulged in useless repetitions in this Memorial, they are perfectly aware that justice to the memory of the late Executive can only be secured through the hand of the biographer. They have simply endeavored to touch, cursorily and rapidly, the salient points in a record which, for nearly thirty-eight years, was knit into the teeming history of the Pacific Coast, and, by suggestion, more than by amplification, to enable the people, and especially the Pioneers, to form some adequate conception of the true proportions of the man, of his actual relations to themselves, and of the reasons which justify, not merely the homage which has been already paid to his memory, but a more

enduring tribute in the hearts and in the minds of his countrymen through succeeding generations.

The period between the adjournment of the Legislature of 1887 and the consummation of the life-work of Washington Bartlett has been already bridged in this Memorial, and the work of your Committee is now virtually closed. His remains were fitly deposited in Mountain View Cemetery, which overlooks the city of Oakland, and which, for picturesque beauty, is probably unexcelled in the world. There, amidst singing birds and exquisite flowers, fanned by soft airs which speak of peace and tenderness, they lie at rest, never more to be disturbed until humanity has achieved its destiny, and love, the immortal force of creation, receives its ultimate crown.

One by one the members of this Society, whose privileges were derived from individual participation in the task of laying the foundation and erecting the structure of this Commonwealth, are bravely and honorably vanishing from our gaze, and, while our eyes are dimmed with tears, our hearts glow with pride and gratitude as we see their monument in the State. "The path of glory leads but to the grave," but the labors of men are never lost but pass into indelible records. Therefore we yield our brethren up with chastened sadness, not unmixed with joy, and illuminated by faith and hope.

Here, in this temple, which marks the irresistible progress of our race, our language, and our institutions, year by year we see the Pioneers by birth succeeded by the Pioneers by inheritance, and soon, very soon, the roll will be called, and, of all the original Pioneers, but one will answer "Here." May that lone survivor be cheered and comforted in his supreme hour by the reflection that, among all those who pre-

ceded him to the land of shadows, there were none who failed to revere the name and to exemplify the character of WASHINGTON BARTLETT.

Dated May 7th, 1888.

HENRY E. HIGHTON,
PHILIP A. ROACH,
JOHN. S. HITTELL,
Committee.

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